

THE



HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. III.

THE last number of this paper, concluded with the gentleman's engagement, to describe the manner in which his theory might be reduced to practice, in the management, of a family.—He observed, that to fulfil his promise, he must extend his remarks beyond domestic government, where the evil originates, into the public police, where it is matured.

From improper, and inconsistent associations, said he, arise a very great proportion of the artificial evils of life.—From well devised, and rational associations, are derived very many of its enjoyments. In the application of this term, it is not to be confined merely to the association of individuals in society, but will be extended to the objects of our pursuits, and the measures adopted for attaining their end; or the association of desires and means. For example, a parent is desirous that her child should be early impressed with a love of truth, and an aversion to falsehood;—at an age when the child is first capable of learning, it is taught by rote to repeat short prayers and hymns, every evening on going to bed;—these hymns inculcate truth; but, previous to committing them to memory, one year at least must have elapsed, in which the child could perfectly comprehend what was said to it, of a threatening nature; through this period, the mother or nurse has threatened the child with punishment whenever it was refractory; this threat we will suppose has been repeated only twice a day on an average, through the year, which you will acknowledge is a very modest calculation; we will also suppose, that within this term, the promise has *once* been fulfilled, so that the child understands its import. One morning (previous to the commencement of the year we contemplate) the child happens to be in the room, at the time the chimney sweep descends from his sooty flight; the child runs terrified to the maid, who pacifies him with a promise, which is never to be performed.—Ever after, on every occasion, and frequently without occasion, she threatens him with calling the sweep; this threat

we will also suppose to be repeated twice a day, and *never* fulfilled.

We will suppose the child to be now three years of age, and that from this time, he parrots his hymns every evening, and hears the same threats every day, until he has completed his fifth year. We will also suppose that he has been checked by his parents, whenever they have discovered in him an inclination to falsehood, and that they have endeavored to implant a principle of truth in his young mind, on every such occasion, which we will say occurs once a week, through the two succeeding years. In repeating his hymns, truth has been inculcated seven hundred and thirty times; in the admonitions of his parents it has been enforced one hundred and four times, to these sums add one, for the correction which was administered according to promise, and the sum is eight hundred and thirty-five times, in which a lesson of truth has been administered to the child. We now calculate the number of falsehoods, which have been told him in the three years before mentioned, at the rate of four a day, save one, and the amount is four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine; on comparing these numbers, we find that he has heard somewhat more than five lies to one.—Oh! dear sir, cried the Lady, don't give those *little fibs* so harsh a name.

Here the gravity of the speaker's countenance was a little discomposed; with a chastened smile, he asked her if fibs were truths. She replied no. Then, said he, they are certainly falsehoods; for the art of man cannot draw a line between one and the other. This *single expression*, said he, is a striking example, whereby to explain my idea of the inconsistent association of *desires* and *means*. You desire to give your child a disgust, at every species of falsehood. To produce this effect, you give it the most soft and unoffending appellation possible, lest it should be unpleasant to the ear of your little pupil. In other cases, a consistency is often observed, which by its contrast will display the want of it in the above instance. If, for example, you wish to impress the mind of a young child with a fear of straying from home; you will paint the dangers of the

street in the most frightful colours. He will be told of being bitten by dogs, kicked by horses, hooked by cows, overrun by carriages, with every other terror which the imagination can suggest. Now here is presented a rational association between the desires, and the means of accomplishing them; while in the cases before mentioned, they are diametrically opposed to each other.

It is a remark, sanctioned by the experience of ages, that example is more prevalent than precept; I shall now add the force this maxim, to what I before observed on the proportion which the lessons of truth, bore to those of falsehood, received by the child at five years of age.—Except one, those of the former kind were all *precepts*—those of the latter, all *examples*.

While I have thus explained my sentiments of a rational association of desires and means, I have endeavored to support the negative side of my argument, by pointing out measures which ought *not* to be pursued. If your patience is not exhausted, madam, I will make some brief remarks on improper associations, with respect to the attendants and companions of children, and proceed to state what measures appear to me best calculated, both in the domestic and social compact, for training the rising generation to virtuous habits and amiable manners.

My vanity and self-love, said the lady, have suffered some mortification during your remarks, but as my reason cannot controvert them, my judgment comes forward to solicit their continuation.—My ambition has centered in the education of my children.—To behold them receiving my instructions with apparent pleasure, has been a source of delight.—I now, as a pupil, receive from your observations equal pleasure, and wish that this candid acknowledgment may make it reciprocal. [Boston Magazine.]

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. VANDILLE

WAS the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman

to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk; and for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor; being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up, and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to 43 shillings and four pence.

This prudent economist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity, he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general at the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries and even eternity itself."

When he became immensely rich, being in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two, one day he heard a woodman going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter: he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding-hole: and thus contracted, in that hot season a fever: he then sent for a surgeon, to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation was dismissed: he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber who undertook to open a vein for three pence a time; "But," says this worthy economist,

"how often will it be requisite to bleed?"—"Three times," said he—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces each time," answered the barber—"That will be nine-pence too much, too much;" says the old miser, "I am determined to go a cheaper way to work: take the whole quantity you desire to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me six-pence;" which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king whom he made his sole heir.—Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

HISTORY.

LE PETIT TRIANON.

THE enchanting little palace and grounds of the late queen, distance from Versailles about two miles, called the *Petit Trianon* to which she very justly gave the appellation of her "little palace of taste." Here, fatigued with the splendors of royalty, she threw aside all its appearances, and gave herself up to the elegant pleasures of rural life. It is a princely establishment in miniature. It consists of a small palace, a chapel, an opera house, out offices, and stables, a little park, and pleasure grounds: the latter of which are still charming, although the fascinating eye and tasteful hand of their lovely but too volatile mistress no longer pervade, cherish and direct their growth and beauty. By that reverse of fortune which the revolution has familiarized the *Petit Trianon* is let out by the government to a Restaurateur. All the rooms but one in this house were pre-occupied, on the day of our visit, in consequence of which we were obliged to dine in the former little bedroom of the queen, where, like the Idalian goddess, she used to sleep in a suspended basket of roses. The apertures in the ceiling and wainscot, to which the elegant furniture of this little room of repose had once adhered, are still visible.

After dinner we hastened through our coffee, and proceeded to the gardens. After winding through gravelled walks, embowed by the most exquisite and costly shrubs, we entered the elegant temple of Cupid, from which the little favorite of mankind had been unwillingly and rudely expelled, as appeared by the fragments of his pedestal.

Thy wrongs, little God! shall be revenged by thy fair friend, Pity. Those who treated thee thus, shall suffer in their turn, and she shall not console them!

From this temple we passed through the most romantic avenues, to a range of rural buildings, called the queen's farm, the dairy, the mill, and the woodmen's cottages, which during the queen's residence at the *Petit Trianon*, were occupied by the most elegant

and accomplished young noblemen of the court. In front of them, a lake, terminated on one side by a rustic tower, spreads itself. These buildings are much neglected, and are falling into a rapid ruin.

In other times, when neatness and order reigned throughout this Elysian scene, and gracefully spread its luxuriant beauties at the feet of his former captivating owner upon the mirror of that lake, now filled with reeds and sedges, in elegant little pleasure boats, the illustrious party was accustomed to enjoy the freshness of the evening, to the surrounding groves with the melody of the song which was saintly answered by the tender flute, whose musician was concealed in that rustic tower, whose graceful base the honeysuckle and eglantine no longer encircled, and whose winding access, once decorated with flowers of the richest beauty and perfume, is now overgrown with moss, decayed, and falling piecemeal to the ground.

Near the farm, in corresponding pleasure grounds, the miller's house particularly impressed us with delight. All its characteristics were elegantly observed. A rivulet still runs on one side of it, which used to turn a little wheel to complete the illusion. The apartments, which must have been enchanting, now present nothing but gaping beams, broken ceilings, and shattered casements. The wainscots of its little cabinets, exhibit only a tablet, upon which are rudely pencilled, the motly initials, love verses, and memorandums of its various visitors.

The shade of the ivy, which, upon all occasions, seems destined to perform the last offices of the departed monuments of human ingenuity, has here exercised its gloomy function. Whilst we were roving about we were obliged to take refuge from a thunder storm, in what appeared to us a mere barn; upon our entering it, we found it to be an elegant little ball room, much disfigured, and greened over by damp and neglect.

In other parts of this *Petit Paradise* are caves of artificial rock, which have been formed at an immense expence, in which were formerly beds of moss, and through which clear streams of water glided. Belviders temples and scattered cottages, each differing from its neighbor in character, but all according in taste and beauty. The opera house, which stands alone, is a miniature of the splendid one in the palace of Versailles.

The sylvan ball room, in an oblong square lined with beautiful treillages, surmounted with vases of flowers. The top is open.—When the queen gave her balls here, the ground was covered with temporary flooring and the whole was brilliantly lighted. As we passed by the palace, we saw, in the queen's little library, several persons walking.

Could the enchanting beauty of Austria, and the once incensed idol of the gay and the gallant, arise from her untimely tomb,

and behold her most sacred recesses of delight thus rudely exposed, and converted into scenes of low and holiday festivity—the temples which she designed, defaced—their statues overthrown, her walks overgrown and entangled, the clear mirror of the winding lake, upon the placid surface of which once shown the reflected form of the Belvidere, and the retreats of elegant taste, covered with the reedy greenness of the standing pool, and all the fairy fabric of her graceful fancy thus dissolving in decay; the devoted hapless Marie would add another sigh to the many which her aching heart has already heaved! [Carr's Stranger in France.]

AMUSING.

CRITICISM ON AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TO point out to public notice the merits of a Poem, is confessedly the noblest, as well as the most agreeable part of criticism. Dennis may hunt the errors of Cato, while its illustrious author is employed in immortalizing Chevy-Chace, by praises which will probably out live the subject of them. Antiquity presents us with many commendatory critics, and the writers of Greece and of Rome have almost all found some one to applaud what if they had written in modern times would have drawn on them acrimonious censure. During the present century, however, some of the ancient authors of our own country, who have confined themselves within a sheet of paper, have met with some one to refresh their laurels, not only Chevy-Chace, but the Children in the Wood, and many other popular songs, have been dignified by panegyrics. The Lover's Ballad yet remains unpraised; not because it is undeserving, but because it is obscure.

That this poem is of great antiquity, may be concluded from its language and conduct. The heroine is introduced in a situation in which few modern fine ladies can be found, that of mending her night cap. We know, too, that the custom of burying the dead in open coffins, without any covering in order to prevent the suspicion of violence has been long discontinued.

Lady Alice was sitting at her bow-window,
A mending her night-coif;
And there she saw the finest corpse
That ever she saw in her life.

Lady Alice she said to the four tall bearers,
"What bear you on your shoulders?"
"It is the body of Giles Collins,
An old true-lover of yours."

The great beauty of the second stanza is the circumstance of Giles Collins's love, towards Lady Alice being so generally known; and the delicate and ingenious manner in which the tall bearers insinuate the cause of his death to have been his unfortunate passion for that lady. The provincialisms and the rugged metre of this poem can only be excused by the barbarism of that age in which it was probably written.

"Set him down, set him down," Lady Alice she said,
"Set him down on the grass so trim;
For before the clock it doth strike twelve,
My body shall lie by him."

Lady Alice she then put on her night-coif,
Which fitted her wondrously well;
She cut her throat with a sharp pen-knife,
As the four tall bearers can tell.

If Cæsar has been deservedly praised by his biographers, for the solicitude which he discovered to die with decorum, let the same praise be extended to Lady Alice, whose night-coif was material to the propriety of her appearance, as the robe of the Roman Emperor. The moral of these verses, it may be said, is not agreeable to modern times; and suicide should not be encouraged by example, even in fiction. We may here appeal to Virgil, who makes Dido act in the same way, although he considered self-murder to be criminal, as appears from the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

*Proxima deinde tenent maesti loca qui sibi letum
—peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Proferere animas—*

and the rest of the passage.

It may be observed, too, that Dido and Lady Alice, and I believe all our great heroines, declare their intentions first, to show how innocent they are of knowledge of any guilt in them; and, sensible of the propriety of their conduct, choose to have witnesses of their contempt of death.

Lady Alice was buried in the east church-yard,
Giles Collins was buried in the south;
And there came a lily out of Giles Collins's nose,
Which reach'd Lady Alice's mouth.

The learned reader will immediately perceive that this thought is strictly classical. It is perhaps borrowed from Persius; who in describing the advantages which a deceased poet derives from applause bestowed upon his works, exclaims.

*Nunc non e manibus illis
Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla,
Nascentur violæ.—*

It is indeed astonishing how favorable to vegetation the corpses of a pair of lovers generally prove. It is long since I looked into Ovid; but I remember there are few either male or female, who die for love, who do not add something useful or agreeable to the kitchen or to the flower garden.

Of the whole, considered in the Aristotelian sense, as composed of beginning, middle, and end, the utmost praise that can be uttered is, that it is interesting. His acuteness, to speak in the diction of a brother critic, is more to be commended than his feelings, who can read with a malignant sneer, what was written under the influence of strong passions; nor was he, perhaps, so reasonable as he might have imagined himself to be, who first attempted to subject to the laws of poetry, those passions of which it is unhappily often a characteristic to defy the laws of morality. *Momus Criticorum.*

ANECDOTES.

CAPTAIN N. who lately arrived at Boston, when going up the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy; and going below for a few minutes, he called to the Irishman, and asked him if he had thrown over the buoy? No, Sir, says he? indeed I could not catch the boy but I threw over the old cook!

A poor Irish laborer lately applied to a lady for her interest to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill. The lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lying-in* hospital. "That's the very one I want," cried Pat, in an ecstasy, "as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have no place to *LIE IN*."

A Countryman who had often seen a puppet-show at his village, having come up to town, went for the first time in his life to see a play. When he heard people around him applauding the performers, he looked on them with great contempt—"What," said he, "are you such fools as to take them for men and women; if you have been behind the scenes as I have been, you would see them hanging upon wires."

Lancaster, September 26, 1804.

MARRIED, on Tuesday the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Becker, Mr. Jacob Stoffer, of Rapho, to Miss Elizabeth Eby, daughter of Mr. John Eby, of Leacock township.

—, on Sunday the 16th instant, at Trenton, (New-Jersey) Mr. John Wilson, of Lancaster, to the amiable Miss Ann Howell, daughter of Mr. Robert Howell, of Trenton.

DIED, on Wednesday the 12th instant, after a few days sickness, in Mountjoy township, Brigadier-general Benjamin Mills. He was an early, active, uniform friend to the American Revolution. In private life, he was much esteemed; having always supported the character of a good neighbor and an honest Man.

—, on the 15th inst. after a short illness, in the 58th year of his age, John Eckman, Esq. of Lampeter township. He left a widow and seven children, to mourn the loss of a tender husband and an affectionate father. The many interesting and excellent qualities which he possessed rendered him beloved whilst living, and his death greatly regretted, by all his numerous acquaintances. From the mildness of his manners, the generosity of his disposition, and the honesty and integrity of his heart, the public have to lament the loss of an agreeable and valuable member of society.

—, on Thursday morning last, in the 86th year of his age, John Hobson, Esq. of this borough, well known for his honesty, goodness of heart, and urbanity of manners.

—, same evening, James Anderson, son of Robert Anderson, Esq. of Colerain township, aged 13 years, after a lingering illness.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MODERN CHARITY.

WO to the wretch by sickness pale,
Whose frame emaciate, and
Whose every thought points at a future.
Wo! if such being, nip'd by the hand of poverty,
Chill senseless poverty;
Should for her pending life,
Rest on the affected charity of one,
Whose heart has ever from the dawn of youth been
Yet, who from the fickle hand of fortune, [cold;
Blind, misplacing fortune,
Hath ample means to smooth the
Rugged path of life's misfortunes.

Curs'd be that pinch'd, penurious,
Narrow soul, that rust to nature,
Which chokes the nobler feelings of our fellows,
That bane to sensibility;
For what in life more wretched,
Than to possess the means and not the will of doing good?

Turn, and behold that cot, that lowly cot,
The seat of wretchedness;
There, (by the hand of providence not man,)
Death, and pale disease, with all
Their various pangs, rush on the head
The wan devoted head of human misery.

BELINDA heard the tale of sorrow,
Belinda promis'd to have pity, and
Sigh'd to have the world suppose her charitable.
She gave, but Oh! the gift was cold;
The hand more cold that gave,
It froze the wretched soul that ask'd relief.

Hard fate! will none remove
A thorn from sorrow's couch,
To soothe the sufferings of a fellow creature?
None but our *Modern Charity*,
Whose object is reward, whose mansion
Is the bosom of some modern Bell.

LANCASTER, SEPT. 20, 1804. SPECULATOR.

FOR THE HIVE.

ORIGINAL EPITAPH,

ON THE DEATH OF A WEALTHY DRUNKARD.

REPOSING, in dust, beneath this cold stone,
The remains of a *Toper* do lie;
Who hasten'd his death, and, alas, stopp'd his breath,
With the much-admir'd essence of *Rye*!

While on earth he resided he moisten'd his clay,
Not a day passed dry o'er his head;
His *Lassie* he'd dandle, his *Bottle* he'd handle,
And then steer off reeling to bed.

As for money—he plenty of cash had in store,
And of *whiskey* could purchase enough:—
Tho' he might have been wiser, yet was not a miser;
His heart was not form'd of such stuff.

In a midnight carouse, when tir'd nature repos'd,
He would saunter about in a pet;
He curs'd and he swore, would rant and would roar,
And insult ev'ry one whom he met.

Though unnotic'd by some, yet others, not quite
So regardless of conduct so rude,
Oft rewarded his trouble, with pay he thought double,
And thresh'd him, while threshing was good!

He liv'd, for a while, in this riotous way,
Till with beating, with drink, and what not,
He brought on disease, which of life did him ease;
And he died a despis'd, drunken Sot!

Had he liv'd a while longer, he'd spent all his wealth,
And his death, made his friends nought the richer;
But they're glad, it is true, he so soon bade adieu
To his *MONEY*, his *Bottle*, and *Pitcher*!!
LANCASTER, SEPT. 20, 1804. A.

ODE,

Written by Sellick Osborn, at the age of nineteen.

TO MY PEN.

COME, passive servant of my will,
Thou restless busy-body—meddling elf!
Come, fill thy thrifty throat—come, drink thy fill,
And write an ode. To whom?—Why, to thyself.

"Myself!" methinks I hear thee quickly cry—
"Myself! turn egotist too!—no, not I—
"I'd sooner serve a laureat to a king;
"Sooner would I, in words like oil, so smooth,
"Pronounce a villain great—his conscience soothe,
"Or tarnish innocence—(a common thing!)
"Though, by the by, to me it would be new,
"None have I wounded—I appeal to you."

No, faithful PEN, thou ne'er didst place
A blush on modest beauty's face;
Ne'er hast thou nam'd a villain great,
Nor stain'd a worthy name with venom'd hate.
But why 'gainst egotism dost thou strive?
Thou'rt not the only self-prais'd wight alive—
Authors, whose volumes long have grac'd the shelves,
And scribbling, language-murdering poetasters,
Mock satyrists, pedantic scholars, masters,
If none will laud them—why, they praise themselves!

Though but the offspring of a simple goose,
None, like thyself, can tell thy wondrous use;
Write then! inform the world (the town at least)
That thou art more to PHAON than a feast—

Inform how oft, by inch of taper,
Thou hast sojourn'd o'er fields of paper;
How oft, with him, on old Pegassus,
Thou'st scal'd the cliffs of steep Parnassus,
Or, led by his aspiring mind,
Leapt on the clouds, and rode the wind!

Ab, humbling thought!—ye sages, 'tis no joke,
(Although th' assertion may your pride provoke)
A *Homer's* fire, a *Pope's* poetic flame,
A *Franklin's* wisdom, and a *Newton's* fame,
All learning, science, simple and abstruse,
Flow through this member of the silly goose!

In truth, I think thou art my firmest friend,
On thee, at least, with safety I depend,
Though oft thy form, sans mercy, I abuse;
For when, in studious mood, the Muse unkind,
I sit, while roars the hoarse nocturnal wind,
My teeth thy tender body sorely bruise.

All this, and more, my friend, thou'rt doom'd to bear,
For oft on thee some rhymster's fingers fall,
And force thee ('gainst thy will, no doubt) to scrawl
Some fulsome *Rebus*, sick'ning to the ear!

When Pride, on me, shall cast her low'ring eye,
And *Plutus's* favorites pass in silence by;
When sneering pedants scorn my youthful strains,
And cold neglect shall chill my ardent veins;
Tir'd and disgusted with the "worlds dread scorn,"
To thee, for consolation, I will turn.
And when in earth the founder'd poet lies,
The world, relenting, will no more despise;
Some kind surviving friend, perhaps, may then
Esteem the labors of my faithful PEN. PHAON.

[To the sportive muse of COLMAN, the younger, every votary of mirth pays willing homage. Of modern authors, in the class of comic wit and humorous burlesque, he stands "first among the foremost." However, an acquaintance with the "Bleeding Nuns," and "Margaret's Ghosts" of Lewis and Mallet, may be courted by the admirers of romance and magic, we must confess, that in our opinion, the "unfortunate Miss Bailey" is far more reasonable in her requests, and more decent in her deportment. She treats the faithless Captain Smith with perfect good manners—contrives to tell her business without the intervention of the Devil, Doctor Faustus, the Wandering Jew, or a Conjuror; and after receiving the moderate sum of "twenty shillings," to bribe the Sexton, quietly retires, without thunder, lightning, burnt brimstone, or an earthquake.]

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

A CAPTAIN bold, in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid who hang'd herself one Monday in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him! he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking ratafia, and thought upon Miss Bailey!

Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!

One night betimes, he went to bed, for he had caught a fever;
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."

His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely;
A ghost stepp'd up to his bed side, and said "behold Miss Bailey!"

Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cried, "your face looks white and mealy."

"Dear Captain Smith," the Ghost replied, "you've used me ungenerously."

"The Crownor's quest goes hard with me because I've acted frailly:

"And parson Biggs wont bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey."

Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Dear Corpse," says he, "since you and I, accounts must once for all close,

"I've got a one pound note within my regimental small clothes,

"'Twill bribe the Sexton for your grave"—The ghost then vanish'd gaily,

Crying "bless you, wicked Captain Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey!"

Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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